



LINK



NATIONAL PARKS

CENTENNIAL, P. 5

September 1972

THE EDGE OF DOOMSDAY

HANDLING A "PROBLEM NEIGHBOR"

THE PIED PIPER OF SOOTY ALLEY





THE LINK



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Front: Montezuma Castle Pueblo, Arizona. This early apartment house could accommodate 12 or 15 families, possibly 50 people. U.S. National Park Service Photo. See page 5 for story.

Back: "Can't you play that thing softer?" A critic at a U.S. Third Air Force band concert, England. Photo by Dennis Mansell, Braintree, Essex, England.

Inside Front: "'Nuf said." Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts, Philadelphia.

Inside Back: Queen Anne's Lace. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

ART WORK: Illustrations by Stanton V. Levy.

IN THIS ISSUE

Our lead article on the CENTENNIAL of our National Park system helps underscore the environmental issue facing our society, and, indeed, the world community. THE LINK hopes soon to report on the U.N. Conference on the Human Environment held in Stockholm in June. Meanwhile our National Park Service expects a load of well over 200,000,000 visitor-days in 1972. . . . Aerospace Specialist 1/c Marilyn Pierce, our GIRL ON THE GO, has achieved another military "first" for her sex, reported on p. 30. . . . A descendant of Roger Williams, RHODES OF THE V.A., is the subject of this month's piece on the religious commitment of men in government. . . . A famous — and erroneous — prediction of the precise date of the world's coming to an end is the theme of THE EDGE OF DOOMSDAY. . . . English editor and Christian humanitarian, Robert Raikes, had a vision. Read what he did about it in THE PIED PIPER OF SOOTY ALLEY. . . . Our Navy may be reluctant to advertise the fact, but did you know that its hero, John Paul Jones, was a RUSSIAN ADMIRAL? Read about it on p. 54. There's more good reading in THE LINK!

S T A F F

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Our National Parks-- 100 Years Old

By Ruth M. Miller

ONE HUNDRED years ago, in March, 1872, President Ulysses S. Grant signed legislation providing that — “the tract of land in the territory of Montana and Wyoming, lying near the headwaters of the Yellowstone River is hereby reserved and withdrawn from settlement, occupancy or sale under the laws of the United States, and is dedicated and set apart as a public park and pleasuring ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people, and all persons who shall settle upon or occupy same, or any part thereof, shall be considered trespassers and be moved therefrom.”

When President Grant signed into law the Yellowstone Act setting aside two million acres of superlative scenery and natural wonders, he gave birth to a new concept in the custody of the nation's resources, and bequeathed us a trust of undefiled land. It was the first time in the world's history that a large natural resource was set aside for other than material or economic use.

As more and more areas of great scenic and historical significance were set aside by Congress, the parks grew in number from one in 1872 to 284 in 1970. Since then, two more have been added.

Yellowstone was our first great park. We commemorate its Centennial this year. A list of the commemorative events with dates and locations may be had by contacting the National Parks Service, Interior Department, Washington, D.C. 20242. The concept of National Parks,



Beautiful sequoias can be seen in Redwood National Park, California.

starting here, has taken root in many foreign nations.

Today, our National Parks System includes thirty-six national parks, six national battlefields, three national battlefield parks, sixteen national historical parks, eighty-four national monuments, forty-four national historical sites in Federal ownership, nineteen national memorials, eight national seashores, and four national lakeshores. These, plus sixty-eight memorials, parkways, scenic trails and miscellaneous units, bring the number of areas in the system to two hundred and eighty-four.

Parks in many foreign lands were developed with the assistance and guidance of our planners, technicians, and rangers. Such help does much to provide a bridge of understanding between nations. Perhaps nothing our nation has sent around the globe of a material nature has expressed the American spirit as much as the concept of national



Mountain-surrounded Jackson Lake in Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming.

parks, enabling citizens to gain comfort and joy from the beauties and wonders of nature.

THE CONCEPT of parks is not new. Ancient Mediterranean cities contained parks, as well as large game preserves for the nobility. The largest of America's first permanent towns, the Pueblos of the Anasazi culture in the Southwest, contained broad plazas. A village green, the Boston Common was set aside by colonists in 1634.

In 1832, the famous painter of Indians, George Catlin, suggested that the government set aside lands "in their pristine beauty and wilderness" as parks that "the world could see for ages to come." That same year the Congress set aside four square miles in Arkansas as Hot Springs Reservation, to preserve forty-seven hot springs noted for their healthful properties.

Two years later, the poet and editor of the New York *Evening Post*, William Cullen Bryant, began a crusade for the establishment of a park in New York City. His campaign culminated twenty years later in the city's purchase of 840 acres, which the noted landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmsted, fashioned into Central Park.

The first large natural area was set aside in California in 1864, when President Lincoln signed a bill transferring to the State of California, "The 'cleft' or 'gorge' in the granite peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains . . . known as Yosemite Valley . . . for public use, resort, and recreation."

Frontiersmen, seeking easier routes to the rich Northwest, were somewhat deterred by talks of burning plains, boiling rivers, great canyons and lakes. Trappers brought back wild tales from the Yellowstone area. One exploration was conducted in 1869 by David E. Folsom, S. W. Cook, and William Peterson. Many natural wonders of this area were so extraordinary that the three men were reluctant to report them, lest they be accused of frontier-style fabrication.

Beautifully descriptive articles about the awesome sights of Yellowstone, published in *Scribner's Magazine* and in official reports circulated in Washington, brought about the passage of legislation in late 1871 creating the park. It was signed into law by President Grant, March 1, 1872. The intensive lobbying effort to bring this about used some striking pictures by photographer William H. Jackson as well as some paintings by Thomas Moran, both members of the Geological Survey's 1871 expedition.

THEN THE nation began to set aside more and more sites and areas of great national significance. In 1889 Congress gave reservation status to the Casa Grande ruins in Arizona to protect them from damage by curio seekers.

In 1890, the efforts of naturalist John Muir were rewarded by the creation of Yosemite National Park. That same year, California gained two more, Sequoia National Park and Grant National Park in the west central part of the state. The latter became part of King's Canyon National Park in 1940.

By the turn of the century, the activities of souvenir hunters threatened destruction of major Indian ruins throughout the Southwest. In June, 1906, Congress passed the Antiquities Act. This gave the President authority to set aside as national monuments . . . "historic and prehistoric structures, and other objects of historic or scientific interest that are situated upon lands owned or controlled by the Government of the United States."

President Theodore Roosevelt used the authority granted by this Act to proclaim Devil's Tower in Wyoming as the first National Monu-



Four of our great presidents are memorialized at the Mount Rushmore National Memorial Park, South Dakota.

ment. Monument status was soon conferred upon many sites, ranging from Indian ruins to the last resting-places of the dinosaurs. Several monuments were later designated National Parks by the Congress, including the Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, Olympic, and Zion.

In the early years of this century, parks and monuments were managed by three different Federal departments — Interior, Agriculture, and War. In 1915, Secretary of the Interior, Franklin K. Lane, began a drive to unify these parks and monuments under one creative idea of management. To lead the drive, Lane hired Stephen T. Mather, a young industrialist and outdoorsman from the West. Mather and his assistant, Horace H. Albright, drafted legislation, lobbied and, with the assistance of many concerned conservationists, saw the passage of the Act on August 23, 1916, which established the National Park Service as a bureau in the Department of Interior.

THE FUNCTION of the National Park Service, the Act said, is . . . “to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein (of the National Park System) and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such a manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations.”

Mather was appointed Director of the National Park Service, and



Flags are flying on Memorial Day in Gettysburg National Cemetery, Pennsylvania — a tribute to those who served their country in peace as in war.



A lighthouse guides sailors at Cape Hatteras, North Carolina.

Albright was named Superintendent of Yellowstone National Park. At its beginning, the National Park Service had jurisdiction over eleven National Parks, eighteen National Monuments, and two other reservations, totaling 4.5 million acres.

In 1933, Franklin D. Roosevelt transferred to the Service sixty-four areas from the Departments of War and Agriculture and other agencies. Included were the National Capital Parks, Monuments, Military parks, battlefield sites, memorials, and certain veterans' cemeteries. Today, more than half the areas in the National Parks System are historical areas.

The next year legislation was passed giving the Service jurisdiction over the Blue Ridge Parkway in Virginia and North Carolina. In 1937, the Nation's first National Seashore, Cape Hatteras, became part of the National Parks System. And, in 1946, the Service was given authority to administer — under cooperative agreements — recreational activities under the jurisdiction of other Federal agencies, such as Lake Mead, Nevada; Glen Canyon, Arizona-Utah; and Coulee Dam, Washington.

In the summer of its 100th year, the National Parks System opened a new kind of Park — Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts, which held its first summer season of music and theater in the wooded Virginia suburbs of Washington, D.C. This park provides not only an opportunity for area audiences to hear a wide variety of musical performances, but also gives young artists a chance to perform. Wolf Trap is further evidence of the expanding role of the National Park System in the cultural life of the Nation.

Since 1916, when the National Parks Service was created as part of the Interior Department, there have been only seven directors. All who work for the Service are devoted and highly dedicated people.

The theme of the 1972 Centennial, with its many commemorative events, is "Parks, Man and His Environment," chosen to remind us all of the need to preserve our natural and other resources and, equally important, their dependence on the wise actions of men as the custodians of our environment. Not by bread alone do we live, and the need to escape the man-made canyons and pressures of today's living is great. Being able to get out into the beauty and quiet splendors of nature is medicine for body and spirit.

President Nixon and Secretary of Interior Morton have charged the Centennial Commission to use the Centennial Year to evaluate and make recommendations for the next century of National Parks. Each Congressional and public member is dedicated to this purpose.

(Editor's Note: For a report on some major problems facing our National Park system, see the New York Times for 1 March, 1972, Travel Sect.)

The Edge of Doomsday

By H. N. Ferguson

THE MESSAGE had gone out — straight from the lips of Prophet William Miller himself — that the world would come to a flaming end sometime between April 23, 1843, and April 23, 1844. All along America's Eastern seaboard it went, then westward into the nation's heartland and northward to Canada's Maritime Provinces. Everywhere the people came to grips with the inevitability of total destruction.

It was a time of spiritual upheaval in American history. The right to freedom of worship, as written into the Constitution, has never been better illustrated than in the decades before 1850. Strange religions ignited public interest, flourished, and with-

ered away. There was a restlessness across the land, a search for something that could not be grasped.

One of the most unusual of these groups was the Millerites, a sect which got its name from William Miller. The oldest of sixteen children, Miller was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, on February 15, 1782. When he was four years old, his family moved to a farm at Low Hampton, New York, near the Vermont line.

Later, Miller served in the War of 1812; at the end of hostilities he exchanged his rifle for a plow. As the years passed he became moody and began reading the Bible. When his interest deepened, he focused his

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attention on the Old Testament. He did not hesitate to tackle the knot-tiest of Biblical passages, such as the mysterious outpourings of the prophet Daniel, King Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and the visions of the Apocalypse.

In time he became solidly convinced that he was discovering the key to the real meaning of the prophet's words, just as Daniel had been able to interpret the dream of the king. To a man of Miller's perception the message was clear — the world was going to come to an end with the Second Coming of Christ in 1843, and he was the oracle chosen by God to warn the people.

A Careful Student

Miller was a most careful man, however, and he spent the next thirteen years checking and rechecking his calculations to be sure the date was correct. It was 1828 before he was ready to "go tell the world of the danger."

Miller was not the only person to ever determine the exact time of Doomsday. Ever since the Holy Bible was first put together there have been Christian men who have pored over the Scriptures, searching for portents that might spell out the date for the destruction of the world. They have been almost unanimous in pointing out that according to biblical prophecy, God, in one of his final mighty acts, would bring history to an end.

Centuries ago an Italian predicted that the world finale would be staged in 1212; thousands lined the shores of the Mediterranean waiting for the

seas to dry so they might walk to Jerusalem for the Final Judgment. More than three centuries later a monk named Steiffel, a friend of Martin Luther, set the date for October 3, 1553. He was badly treated by a mob when the day passed without incident. The Reverend Charles C. Long of Pasadena, California, had a vision warning that an atomic blast would bring an end to civilization on September 21, 1945. Nothing happened. In 1960, Dr. Elio Bianca, a Milan, Italy, pediatrician, ordered ten arks, sealed himself and 100 followers in a survival hut on the slopes of Mont Blanc for nearly two weeks to escape the affects of a "mercury bomb," destined by accidental detonation to tip the earth off its axis at 2:45 P.M. on July 14 of that year, causing a deluge that would sink mankind.

In early 1970, H. Flake Braswell of Monroe, North Carolina, closed his small upholstery shop, bade good-bye to the materialistic society and went home to his wife and children to await the end of the world.

He was not alone. Claude Huntley, a brick mason from Charlotte, did the same. Farmers Harvey Walters and Vernon Cox went along with the idea. Russell McCloud of Camden, South Carolina, quit a twenty-three year job at the Post Office, only two years away from retirement benefits.

These men and hundreds more in the Carolinas, members of the True Light Church, believed their work was no longer important. As Braswell put it for all: "We don't know exactly how or when the world will end. Maybe from a nuclear war.

Maybe from a fire or another flood. But however it happens, we all believe it will happen in 1970. So we are quitting our jobs in order to concentrate fully on the end, to await God's final verdict."

To their disappointment, 1970 ended with the world still intact.

Miller Unrivaled

None of the seers before or after William Miller spelled out the threat of doom as dramatically as he, however, and none approached the farmer-prophet's propensity for collecting followers.

Miller made his first talk on the Second Coming when he was invited to lecture on the subject at a Baptist church in Dresden, New York. What he said so impressed the people that he was urged to stay during the week and continue his lecturing.

Miller's reputation spread rapidly in the 1830's. He held huge camp meetings where he vividly described what the last day would be like. There would be a sudden appearance of a sea of fire running across the heavens — a fire that would reduce to ashes all forests, homes, factories and whole cities such as New York, Montreal, and Chicago. The heat from the conflagration would blister the land, topple mountains, bring the stars tumbling from the skies and cause steam to rise from the boiling seas. Into this frightening holocaust would come Gabriel riding in a splendid chariot, his trumpet thundering out a summons to all believers — living and dead. In a panoramic spectacle so brilliant and so appalling as to beggar description, Gabriel

would lead the faithful in the long-awaited procession to heaven.

Millerism began spreading like wildfire as the prophet steadily widened the sphere of his activities. At a talk announced for Philadelphia, the press of the crowd was so great that the doors of the auditorium had to be locked to prevent people from being crushed. So intense was the interest in Miller's message that a false report that he would speak from the steps of the Patent Office in Washington drew 10,000 hopefuls. A six-day Millerite meeting in East Kingston, New Hampshire, drew another 10,000 to hear Miller and his assistants urge them to prepare for the rapidly approaching day that would ring down the curtain on mankind's existence.

Everywhere he went Miller gathered his followers for fasting, singing, and praying. Newspapers gleefully printed the solemn news. Skeptical house hunters tried to rent Miller's bungalow, since he obviously wouldn't need it.

Many people called Miller an alarmist. He countered with a couple of astute questions: "Would you say Noah was an alarmist because he warned the world of the approaching catastrophe of the flood? Or the Lord when he foretold the utter destruction of Jerusalem and gave his people directions how to escape it?"

Excitement at Fever Pitch

Popular excitement rose to fever pitch during the late 1830's and early 1840's. As the year 1843 approached, more and more converts came into the fold. Miller himself

tried to calm the people. He was not exactly sure when the last day would come, but some of the Millerite preachers threw caution to the wind and announced the exact day according to their interpretation. As 1843 drew to an end, the tension mounted. Merchants gave away their goods because soon there would be no use for them. Fear of the last judgment caused many to commit suicide. Others were driven insane by the waiting. One man, clad in white robes, with a pair of turkey wings fitted to his back, shinnied up a tree and, when he thought the hour was near, jumped, calling upon the Lord to "take me up." He only suffered embarrassment and a broken arm.

In his original timetable Miller had said that the world would come to an end sometime during the year that would begin with April 23, 1843. But the year passed quietly. When nothing happened, despair gripped his disciples. Miller rechecked his calculations and discovered he had made a mistake. The Day of Judgment was reset for October 22, 1844. The good news threw his followers into an ever greater frenzy of preparation.

In the six months that followed, Miller's rash prophecies triggered one of the greatest mass delusions in American history. His converts have since been charged with a greater variety of ridiculous and fanatical acts than perhaps any religious group in modern times.

Unrestrained hysteria gripped the people as the new Judgment Day drew near; it was an unbridled fanaticism that Miller had not an-

ticipated. Voting was light at elections because the end was at hand. Prayer meetings were held which lasted all night. Most of his followers prepared ascension robes for the great event. Business was neglected and children withdrawn from school. Many laid out their best clothes to wear on this final journey. One man appeared stark naked at what he thought would be his last prayer meeting, expecting to be "clothed in the raiment of the Lord." A Connecticut woman attained such a state of rapture that she attempted to walk on water. She drowned.

As the awesome day approached, Millerites of Portland, Maine, gathered at Eastern Cemetery to join their deceased friends and loved ones for the ascension into heaven. Another group met at Gallows Hill near Salem, Massachusetts, where two centuries earlier fanatical townsmen had hanged their local witches.

The Faithful Wait

The faithful waited at their Tabernacle in Boston, serenely confident that this building would be the ark in which they would be transported to heaven. They sang and prayed, their voices echoing against the stinging taunts from the rabble outside who were shouting, "Hurry! Hurry! Get your chariot for heaven!" Their yells were punctuated by blasts from bugles and the raucous beating of clubs against washtubs.

Of course, the nonbelievers outnumbered the faithful and these made life miserable for the some 50,000 Millerites. One of their favorite tricks was to sneak up on a Mil-

lerite meeting and touch off a huge bonfire. This usually started a panic, the victims of the joke thinking the end was at hand. Many came to the meetings out of curiosity. They wanted to get firsthand knowledge of how the "going up" was to be accomplished.

As the terrible evening approached, thousands of people gave away their possessions and slaughtered their cattle for "love feasts" for the poor. Some sold all they had to pay their debts and to help pay the debts of other believers who wanted to enter the new age with a clean slate.

In New York City so many people knelt to pray in the streets that traffic was blocked for hours. In a Vermont town, 500 Millerites gathered in a meetinghouse to await the trumpet, and just at midnight it sounded. The Millerites rushed outside, shouting, "Glory Hallelujah!" only to find the town drunk, a man named Crazy Amos, gleefully tooting an enormous horn.

In Boston, swarms of believers in white robes flocked to open hill-sides "whence Heaven could receive them most conveniently."

Finally, the great day was upon them. In Low Hampton, the sixty-two-year-old Miller called his wife, Lucy, and their eight grown children together in the family living room. A prayer service was held. The prophet embraced and kissed each one farewell, then retired to his study to await the end.

In most of the eastern half of the United States the setting was perfect for a cataclysm. Murky clouds

hung low; occasional misty rain pattered down on the waiting throngs. On this eve of the Second Coming a furious gale struck Philadelphia. To the waiting Millerites it was a fearsome omen that their vigil was nearly ended. They rushed out into the open fields, their faces upthrust to the drenching skies as they cast about for a celestial sign of the approaching flame from the heavens.

The tension grew unbearable as midnight sounded — not on seraphic trumpets, but only on village clocks. The rain ceased; no tongues of flame raced across the skies; the earth continued in its normal pattern. The last stroke tolled. The great illusion was shattered.

The Millerites were prostrate with overwhelming grief. Some took their own lives, others had to be committed to mental institutions, the others returned to the homes they had neglected and to crops that had remained unharvested. Never in modern history had a religious hope been so disappointed.

William Miller was never seen in public again. He became ill, bed-ridden and blind. He died, a prophet without honor, quietly at home on December 20, 1849. His whole disastrous experience had been the result of one unfortunate oversight: In his younger days, as he studied the Bible for clues in the preparation of his prophecy, he neglected one passage of Scripture that could have saved him much heartache . . . "But of that day or that hour no one knows, not even the angels in heaven, nor the Son, but only the Father" (Mark 13:32).

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Luke 21:25-28; Revelation 21:1-8; Luke 12:35-40.

1. How would you define "history"? When do you think "history" began? Is it an endless "go-round," or does it seem to lurch in some particular direction?
2. Do you think that the "Lord of Interstellar Space" may be watching over a vast number of inhabited solar systems such as ours?
3. William Miller (and, indeed, the first Christians) looked for Christ's Second Coming; the Apostles' Creed speaks of it. What emphasis does your denomination give this teaching?
4. Has the development of nuclear weapons made "the end of the world" seem more possible to you?

MY SON

Some crackerjack
For one small boy . . .
A "toot-toot" horn
And a shiny toy:
These are the things
I once could buy;
Can't get them now
Tho' hard I try.
The one small boy
Is a grown-up lad,
And somehow my heart
Is a wee bit sad.
He volunteered
To fight for our land;
Now lost to my grasp
Is the touch of his hand.
I write him letters,
Send love and a kiss;
But I never dreamed
It would be like this.
For he is there —
And I am here . . .
And tho' we're apart
He is still ever near.

— Virginia Buser

No Other Choice

By James Cloer

"Evacuate. Hurricane Ginger heads toward the coast. Will strike around noon . . ."

GEORGE HART awakened suddenly and turned his head to listen. There it came again — the sound of a siren, followed by a loud voice somewhere close by. He felt his wife stir beside him, then become still and resume breathing steadily. Snapping on the bedlight, he swung his legs out of bed and reached for his cane. He grimaced at the pain in his legs as well as at the annoyance of having to use a cane for the first time in his thirty-eight years. Rising, and steadying himself, he whispered, "Must be something serious — noise like that in this quiet neighborhood."

Hobbling into the living room, he went to the front door and pulled it open. He felt the keen wind of the last day in September flatten his pajamas against his body. When he saw the bare glimmer of light in the

leaden sky, he heard the siren louder than before. Then the lights of a vehicle swept the street. In the middle of the block the vehicle — now he could see it was a police cruiser — slammed to a stop. With the siren abruptly stilled, a hoarse voice came over the loudspeaker.

"Turn on your radios. Official Weather Report. Hurricane Ginger has changed course. Is headed directly toward the coast. Expected to strike here around noon or early afternoon. Everybody in Southpoint warned to evacuate immediately. Repeat: evacuate — head inland."

Shoving the door closed, George reached for a light switch. As he opened his mouth to call his wife, he heard her soft footsteps hurrying

toward him. Turning around, he saw the stunned look on her slender face, the trembling of her small form in the white nightgown. He reached for her, clasping a strong arm about her shoulders. With the other hand he pointed his cane toward the radio just inside the dining room.

"Turn it on, Judith."

As though resentful at being awakened so early, the radio crackled finally into coherent words. "All persons within seventy-five miles of the coast are urged to move inland . . ." Then followed facts about tides, rain, and wind velocity.

Conscious of the imperative words, George still felt a compulsion to limp to a front window and peer into the street lined with inviting homes, ramblers and split-levels — with one contrasting exception.

A racking ache filled his chest. Was all this to be swept away? After years of struggle. What would they find when they returned?

Blinking mist from his deep brown eyes, he yielded to a hasty view of galvanized activity. Lights flicked on in the houses, men dashed through doorways throwing on jackets, garage doors opened, and cars spurted backward to jerking stops in driveways. Wives pulled small children away from windows and called down to them.

Then his gaze focused upon the one exception to the newer houses — the dingy-white, multi-gabled house sitting directly across the street, far back and among towering oaks. No lights shone from the former mansion.

His fingers clenched the cane

handle. Old Sam Woodland — all alone over there! And almost helpless! What would Sam do? What *could* he do?

Then at the words of the radio announcer, "Traffic increasing and . . ." George called, "Steve! Steve!" and pushed his lame legs toward their sixteen-year-old son's room.

Judith darted past him. "Let me. You might fall."

STANDING there, he told himself he had to control his own fears, and keep calm, or appear so, for Judith's sake. Now he could hear her voice. "Steve! Wake up, darling! The hurricane! It's coming! Wake up!" He heard the continued creaking of the bed and knew she was exerting all the strength of her slim arms to shake the growing boy awake.

Then came a sleepy male voice, followed by a rush of soft words, and the sudden thump of feet on the floor.

The boy's lithe form bolted from his room and into the hallway. Mouth open and dark eyes staring, he dashed toward his father, his mother following.

George's gaze embraced them as he spoke, measuring out his words in forced composure.

"Son, we'll have to take old Mr. Woodland. And thank God you got your driving permit in the spring. Now, let's get dressed fast and . . ."

Steve's voice rang out. "No! No! Why do we have to take him? Why is he still living over there anyway? With all his money . . ."

George, shaking on his pain-wracked legs, clamped his teeth



together. Then he ran fingers over his lean face before answering. "Because he's a human being in need of help. He's in his seventies, is losing his sight, and has heart trouble, besides . . . besides arthritis in his legs."

"But, Dad, some one else along here . . ." The boy flung an arm toward the street. Then as a look of doubt invaded his smooth features, he shook his head.

"Steve, what other car in this block won't be filled? With all the small children around . . . And why Mr. Woodland still lives here, I'm sure it's because he wants to stay here. So far as I know he's satisfied with his neighbors. Now, let's get moving — get out of here!"

"Dad," Steve persisted, breathing heavily, "what do you owe Old Man Woodland? And why do you think he'd want to go with *us*?" After all . . . And besides the main reason, Old Man Woodland is just ornery! Every time one of us boys steps on his property, old Sam's yelling!"

A fleeting grin softened George's face before he answered. "What do I owe Sam Woodland? Absolutely nothing." Against his will he let his voice rise. "Now, let's get some clothes on! Every second counts!"

As Judith took his arm to help him back to their bedroom, Steve was muttering as he raced down the hallway.

George struggled into his trousers and reached for his shoes. As he raised his head his gaze fell upon his wife. She had stopped buttoning her dress and stood before the lustrous walnut chest of drawers, letting

her fingers caress its smoothness. Her eyes brimmed with tears. Then she turned and touched the bedstead.

He choked back the pain in his throat. He knew what she was thinking. They might return to nothing. All these things she loved . . . He wanted to tell her to hurry but couldn't make himself speak.

And Steve. George knew for one thing that their son resented Sam Woodland's running the boy out of Sam's prize apple tree for the past several summers. But Steve had never heard, as George had, Sam Woodland chuckle about having to chase Steve out of the tree and remark about what a fine-looking boy George had.

With his shoes tied, George reached for a jacket and lurched forward to pat Judith on the shoulder and point to his watch.

Her fingers flew to the unbuttoned opening in her dress.

At that moment Steve staggered by the doorway carrying an armload of phonograph records.

George threw out an arm. "Steve! Steve, get back in your room and grab some of your best clothes. We don't have time to pack. We'll throw the clothes in the car trunk. Then come in here and get some of my clothes and what your mother thinks she should take — can take. Now! And where do you think you're going to put those records?"

"On the back seat beside you — or Mom."

"Then where does Sam Woodland sit?"

"Dad, do you . . . do you think Sam Woodland would do the same

for us if circumstances were reversed? Do you, honestly?"

"I don't know. I know that he needs the same thing we need — safety. Now, do as I've told you!"

Steve turned back toward his room, but stopped in the hallway and cleared his throat. "If you hadn't been so concerned about some one else's welfare, your . . . your legs wouldn't be all banged up. You had to jump forward there at the plant to push that guy out of the way of those falling crates — and you the boss of the shipping section! He'd have got clear on his own. I've heard he was a champion broad jumper in his high school."

George didn't answer. From where he stood he could see Judith lingering in the doorway of her kitchen, a yearning look on her face. It was odd, he thought, under the tension of the moment, for him to be so conscious of the hovering fragrance from Judith's cookie baking of the evening before.

At that moment the radio announcer's voice carried new alarm. "The hurricane has increased its speed by five miles an hour!"

STEVE and his mother raced to closets to grab clothing and carry it to the sofa in the living room. George stumbled to a little-used closet and reached far back on a shelf for a small strongbox containing the deed in trust to the house, together with insurance policies and birth certificates.

Then as Steve ran past him empty-handed, George called out, "Here, son," and pitched the car keys into

the boy's hands. "Get the car into the driveway and unlock the trunk. But before you start loading, run over to Sam Woodland's and tell him he's going with us — that we'll come into his driveway and get him. Move, boy, move!"

Steve's nostrils flared. He doubled a fist and struck the wall.

"Dad, what if Old Man Woodland doesn't want to go? We've just wasted time! Maybe he isn't able to make the trip. What if . . . if he has a heart attack in the car . . . and dies! What would we do?"

George saw the slim form trembling with anger, and almost certainly, he thought, from growing fear, and felt a pang of sympathy. Here within minutes the boy was being forced to do something much against his will and thrown into responsibility that would shake a brave and mature man.

At this moment George saw Judith make a swift movement to the sofa to grab a coat and throw it around her shoulders as she hurried toward the door.

"Judith! Judith, come back here! That wind will blow you over!"

By now they were all three in the center of the living room, with George leaning heavily against a gleaming table. Steve stood rigidly, his jaw jutting.

George reached into a hip pocket and tugged out his billfold, emptying it of currency onto the table and shoving the bills toward the boy.

"Here. Now get your mother into the car and throw those clothes in and . . . and get going! I'm staying." He looked down at his legs. "At least

I can keep the lights on — let him know he's not deserted."

Steve's mouth flew open, giving forth a strangled cry. "Are you crazy, Dad! You can't. You can't!"

"Son, I'm not being heroic. I just have no other choice. Something won't let me abandon a neighbor who's in . . . who's helpless."

For a moment no one spoke. Outside the rising wind sent a fusillade of heavy raindrops against the house, then moved off with a threatening whine. Staccato words from the radio filled the room, and faded into jumbled sounds.

Tears flooded Steve's eyes. He raked a sleeve across his face, then extended both arms awkwardly toward his father. Dropping them with a quick movement, he pivoted and reached for the money. With a fumbling motion he shoved it into his father's hands.

"I'll go, Dad! I'll go tell him! I'll . . . get him!"

Almost before George could catch his breath, the boy had his hand on the doorknob.

"Steve! Just this. Old Sam, for all his bluster, *may* be shocked . . . confused. Could be, you'll have to use kind insistence — even gentle force. And . . ." His gentle gaze held the boy. "Son, you may learn that white people get scared the same as we do." ■ ■

The business of the university is truth, which it engages either to preserve or to find.

— O. Meredith Wilson

Daily Bible Readings Hope in the Crises of Life

September

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Luke	4:1-15
2	Acts	2:1-11

Hope in Time of Darkness

3 Sunday . . .	Psalms	73:14-28
4	Isaiah	64:8-12
5	Jeremiah	32:36-44
6	Malachi	4:1-6
7	Mark	15:42-47
8	Luke	21:25-28
9	Thessalonians	5:1-11

Hope in Time of Temptation

10 Sunday . . .	Psalms	66:8-20
11	Luke	22:31-38
12	1 Thessalonians	3:1-5
13	Hebrews	4:14-16
14	1 Peter	3:12-18
15	1 Peter	4:1-7
16	1 Peter	4:12-19

Hope in the Hour of Defeat

17 Sunday . . .	Psalms	40:1-6
18	Jeremiah	30:18-24
19	Luke	7:19-23
20	Luke	7:24-30
21	John	21:15-19
22	Acts	12:1-11
23	Acts	27:18-27

Hope in the Face of Guilt

24 Sunday . . .	Genesis	32:24-30
25	Exodus	33:12-23
26	Joshua	24:14-25
27	Psalms	39:4-8
28	Psalms	51:1-14
29	Psalms	130:1-8
30	Isaiah	1:16-20

Handling a "Problem Neighbor"

By Stanley Jacobs

THE NEW people were the talk of the block. Their children played ball in other people's driveways, their dog upset garbage cans, and their radio blasted away at hours when other families were trying to go to sleep.

"They're ignorant — we'll have to ask the police to quiet them down."

"Why didn't they stay in Mexico where they belong?"

"You can't even *talk* with that mother and father. They just jabber in Spanish when you complain about their kids and dog."

Ralph Jameson, a young accountant, spoke up after listening quietly to the torrent of bitter remarks about the Rodrigues family who had re-

cently moved to Chicago from El Paso. "Does anybody here speak Spanish? Maybe if we show we want to be friendly and try to converse in their own tongue, we can score some points."

Nobody spoke up. Jameson continued, "Okay, I had three years of high school Spanish. I'll bone up on it, get a Spanish dictionary, and tackle the Rodrigues family myself."

He studied the handbook night after night, dredging up long forgotten phrases from Conversational Spanish III and IV. Then Ralph visited the new neighbors and in halting but earnest Spanish introduced himself. Invited in for coffee, he told the Rodrigues family about

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the neighborhood improvement club, invited them to join, and assured them that their language difficulty would be no insuperable obstacle.

"I'll translate what is said at the club into Spanish, and we'll get you enrolled in a night school for English lessons," he said. "Is it a deal?" It was.

Within two weeks after joining the club and becoming friendly with neighbors they had never met, the Rodrigues family turned down the radio, disciplined their children, and confined their dog at night. The family had not been belligerent or non-cooperative; they merely had not understood the complaints made by neighbors when they first moved in. Some extra effort on the part of Ralph Jameson had restored neighborhood harmony and relieved tension.

Neighborliness: Still Important

Neighborliness always has been a prized virtue. But with the expansion of our cities, the proliferation of high-rise apartment buildings, and the migration of families by the million each year, it has become increasingly difficult to even know your neighbors' names, much less achieve cooperative relationships with them.

The familiar word "neighbor" evolved from two old Anglo-Saxon words meaning "nigh" and "dweller." A *neighbor* is a "nigh dweller." In the old days, having good neighbors often meant the difference as to whether a family starved to death, was decimated by enemies, or perished from cold and privation.

The circumstances of our life

together these days have changed, but the need for neighborliness is still important. If you doubt it, think of the neighborhood feuds, hostilities, and bitterness you have observed in your own experience. Or ask any judge or policeman how pesky and hard to adjudicate are the neighborhood quarrels which finally are brought to court.

A Chicago judge told me, "I can handle other cases with detachment and efficiency, but a neighborhood squabble really stirs up my ulcer. Most of these cases are so needless. As a rule, disputes between neighbors should be settled by the families involved and only rarely thrust upon the courts for judicial decision. I say this because judges' advice or verdicts rarely heal such wounds or ease neighborhood friction. All too often, the antagonisms and tensions remain."

What can be done about the "problem neighbor" — the family whose behavior causes loss of sleep, irritation, annoyance, inconvenience, or expense to other people living nearby?

The secret of transforming problem neighbors into cooperative ones, I discovered, lies in using imagination and some ingenuity mixed with a large portion of compassion and friendliness. The combination may not be an unbeatable recipe for relieving squabbles or tension-breeding situations. But as a rule it can be more productive — and result in less ill-will than threats, belligerence, or legal action.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Henderson of Dallas became concerned when

the vacant house next door was bought by a middle-aged couple who soon let the lawn go to pot. Weeds flourished, dandelions multiplied, and shrubbery was overgrown and neglected. The house was quickly becoming an eyesore on a street of well-maintained homes.

The new people seemed reserved and kept to themselves. Nobody got a chance to speak with them. The neighbors became irate. *We ought to demand that they keep their property looking well*, was the prevailing sentiment.

But the Hendersons had a better idea. One Saturday they gave instructions to their two boys, twelve and thirteen years old respectively, who knocked at the door of the newcomers and said, "We live next door to you and we'd like to have jobs mowing your lawn and pulling weeds every week. We'll do it free today so you can see if you like the way we work. If you do, we'd work every Saturday for seventy-five cents each."

The new residents were pleased. The man replied: "I know our lawn has been looking terrible, but we both suffer from arthritis and are unable to care for it ourselves. Sure, we'd like you boys to do it. We just didn't know who to hire, that's all."

Ingenuity, Imagination — Plus Compassion

One of the most troublesome types is the rumor-monger of gossip peddler. Such a person can pit neighbor against neighbor, provoke family fights and sow suspicion, distrust, and enmity.

My own wife handled such a gossip neighbor — a forty-ish widow — with real ingenuity. She put her on a committee which was planning a playground exclusively for handicapped children. The talkative lady became so involved in raising funds that she had little time left for gossip.

My wife observed wisely, "She talked and spread rumors because she was a lonely person. She had too much time on her hands. When the playground project is finished, we'll find another activity for her so she can keep busy in a useful way."

Children running across lawns, trampling flowers, and crashing through hedges may touch off enduring neighborhood friction. Their parents frequently become defensive and angry if they are asked to discipline their youngsters. If others reprove the kids, then the children may become impudent or defiant.

We had a neighbor several years ago who handled such a situation with kindness and a constructive approach. A devoted gardener with a large vacant lot adjoining his house, he formed a Youth Garden Club and invited all neighborhood kids to join. Most of them did.

As they learned respect and awe for Nature's miracles of growth, my friend casually stressed the need for giving green things a chance to flourish. The children saw for themselves how grass, flowers, young shoots and shrubs could be destroyed by thoughtless trampling and crushing. There are no more neighborhood complaints on this score. Family friendships have been preserved and strengthened through the wisdom

and efforts of one neighbor.

"Borrowers"

One of the most frequent complaints is voiced about the families who always borrow things, from scissors to coffee, from chairs to cooking oil. All too often, the borrowed items either are not returned or are brought back belatedly in poor condition.

The Roger Talbott family in Atlanta one night sat down to discuss what could be done about their next-door neighbors, the Allans, who were chronic borrowers. Mrs. Allan was continually running out of sugar, oatmeal, cream, or tea. Sam Allan seemed always at the door asking for the loan of garden tools, luggage, paint, or a hammer.

"I wouldn't mind if things were returned promptly, but I hate to have to ask for them," said Mrs. Talbott. Her husband nodded in agreement.

"I know what you mean. Old Sam borrowed my power mower last week. When he returned it this morning, the cutting edge was nicked by rocks and there was rust on it. It'll cost me \$15.00 to get that mower fixed."

Finally, the Talbotts agreed that the mower should be repaired and the bill should be presented to Sam Allan who had caused the damage. This chronic borrower reluctantly paid the bill. After that, there was no further borrowing, but the Allans became cool toward the Talbotts and three months later moved away.

If there is a moral to this incident, it is simply this: To cope with a bothersome neighbor you need not

be a Mr. Milquetoast and tolerate abuse, lack of consideration, or contempt. In this case, continued borrowing — and failure to return things in good order — in time would have caused real hostility between families.

Roger Talbott merely had asked only what was fair — reimbursement for the cost of repairing his mower. As seventeen-year-old Bud Talbott said after the Allans moved away: "I'm sorry they got mad, Dad, but neighbors like that we can do without. I wouldn't have respected you if you'd paid that \$15.00 mower bill yourself."

Teen-age Cooperation

Teen-agers who own noisy cars are a problem in almost any neighborhood. They may be touchy and resentful if asked to put a new muffler on a car, or not to "burn rubber" in screeching pullaways from the curb.

I know one tactician who handled such a situation beautifully. When he had engine trouble with his own sedan, he asked two neighboring youth — who noisily raced their cars, causing much communal unhappiness — if they would take a look at his vehicle. They were glad to help. He said:

"I don't want my motor to become noisy and annoy my neighbors. The car is getting old. What would you advise?"

They enthusiastically pitched in to help him make repairs on his car. More important, they got the point of his remark and thereafter drove prudently on our street, so as not to offend the neighbors' ears with grind-

ing gears, skidding tires, and defective mufflers.

There are few neighborhood problems which cannot be overcome with patience, diplomacy, and resource-

fulness. Besides, the process can be a rewarding one. Not only may you alleviate a vexing situation by showing concern, but you may even make a new friend!

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Leviticus 19:18; Zechariah 8:17; Luke 10:25-37.

1. What becomes of the concept of neighborliness in a huge modern apartment building?
2. In what ways are we dependent upon our neighbors?
3. In our day is privacy — our need to shut out both issues and people — more legitimate than formerly? Doesn't it seem ironic that in the apartment house the essentially contradictory elements of privacy and dependence are maximally present?
4. How have you "loved" obnoxious people?



Girl on the Go

By Lorena O'Connor

The redhead with the 44th Aerospace R&R Squadron parachutes like a real professional

FROM her cockpit seat A1C Marilyn Pierce scanned the air above the "Huskie" helicopter and then the ground below. It had started as a routine flight, but now they had a distress call. An airman was down.

"We're getting close," the pilot said.

Marilyn nodded. She pushed a wisp of red hair up under her helmet. Then she fastened the chin strap in place. If there was no place where the helicopter could land, the rescue attempt would be up to her.

While the big chopper hovered near the airman, she would ride the hoist cable down. If the airman was in good shape, she would follow him up on the hoist, and they'd be on their way. If he was hurt, however, she'd give him whatever first aid she could and then get him into the airborne stretcher or rescue basket.

After he was safely in the 'copter, she would ride the hoist back up and

continue with what nursing she could, until they reached the hospital.

"There he is," the pilot said. She followed his gaze. She saw the shreds of a parachute draped like a white shawl across the shoulders of the slumbering trees. Then she spotted the pilot. He waved at them.

Her heart quickened. Suppose she — Shrugging away disturbing thoughts, she threaded her way to the rear of the quivering 'copter.

She nodded to the airman who would operate the hoist, and then she checked her gear. Everything was ready.

Since she'd joined the rescue team, some of the guys had christened her their "girl on the go." She was about to make it come true. So far she'd just been an observer, watching for other aircraft in their area and helping pinpoint their approach. But now she was making her first drop. She



A chopper from Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service moves in to rescue a stranded pilot.

was glad there was no more time to think.

"On target," the pilot said.

She slipped into the swing-like seat of the hoist. Then suddenly she was in space, swinging back and forth like the pendulum of a giant grandfather clock. Her heart started thumping again as the ground beckoned below. She just *had* to do a good job! So much—so very much—depended on it!

SHE *has* done a good job! Ask anybody in the 44th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron—especially commanding officer, George L. Schmidt.

"She knows her procedures thoroughly and she doesn't get rattled when things are tight in an emergency-type situation."

Just nineteen, the petite red head enlisted in the Air Force so she could get secretarial experience. Her goal?

To be an administrative specialist.

After she completed basic training at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, she was assigned to Sheppard Air Force Base, Texas, for training as an aerospace specialist. Then there was further training at Brooks Air Force Base, Texas. Finally, she was assigned to duty in the Flight Surgeon's Office at Loring Air Force Base, Maine.

When Detachment 10, 44th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron was being formed at Loring earlier this year, a call went out for applicants. Marilyn volunteered.

"I thought it would be exciting and challenging work," she said. "I guess I was looking for a little adventure, too."

There was nothing in the regulations prohibiting women from volunteering. None ever had, however. Loring top brass sought approval from Headquarters at Eglin Air Force Base, Florida.

"Give her a chance to prove herself," was the reply.

FOLLOWING approval, Marilyn, along with the other volunteers, entered a period of exhausting and exacting training and instruction. They had to become familiar with the rescue aircraft assigned to the unit, the "Huskie" helicopter; learn radio procedures; the operation of the rescue-hoist and other rescue and emergency equipment and various survival techniques.

Says Captain Robert J. Hawley,

aircraft commander, "Marilyn is a quick learner. She did very well in the training course, and gave the men real competition."

At the end of the course, Marilyn was selected as a regular member of the flight crew.

Says Marilyn: "It takes guts to work under a 5,000-7,000 lb. helicopter hovering over you six feet off the ground."

Though she may have the guts of a guy at times, this girl on the go is still *all* female.

"I generally stay calm during a crisis and do my job," she says. "But after it's all over I might get a little upset."

Marilyn divides her working time between missions with the rescue team and office work with the Flight Surgeon's office. Her off duty time is spent dancing, sewing, knitting, and swimming.

Marriage? Marilyn shakes her head.

"There are too many things I want to do before I finally settle down."

For instance, when her present enlistment is finished, Marilyn wants to go to school to become a registered nurse and then return to the Air Force as a flight nurse.

Meanwhile, she is looking forward to her first *real* mission.

"I feel like I'm really needed and doing something for somebody," she says. "I'm eager to go."

This girl on the go is just getting started.

A/IC Marilyn Pierce is the only female member of the 44th Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron. Here she is shown on her way down to aid an airman. ►



Rhodes of the V. A.

By Caspar Nannes

Religion in Public Life

THE 1952 Billy Graham Washington Crusade proved to be the turning point in the spiritual life of Fred G. Rhodes, deputy administrator of the Veterans Administration.

"Until that time I was a nominal Christian," the noted Baptist lay leader confessed. "I went to church and did the usual things a church-going person did. But during the crusade I was converted and at that point I became more keenly aware of God and the need to relate myself in every day life to his will."

One way in which Rhodes' deep religious conviction expresses itself in his work relates to the Veterans Administration concern about the drug problem.

"Although the VA has been in the drug program for a long time," he explained, "when the President ap-

pointed Dr. Jerome Jaffe as Director of the Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention it became apparent that legislation would be passed establishing a coordinator in the whole field and it appeared that the VA's role would be greatly expanded.

"I was deeply concerned. I realized that the program would need coordination and direction from above. So I went to Don Johnson, our VA Administrator, and said, 'Look, I learned in the Army never to volunteer for anything, but this is a job I feel such a deep conviction about that I want to volunteer to head up the VA program.'"

Rhodes believes his decision was the right one and that he can be of help in an area where the need is great.



In another aspect of his work the former president of the District of Columbia Baptist Convention feels his deep Christian commitment has been extremely helpful.

"I think I am close to the VA chaplains, and they feel the same about me and Don Johnson because we come in on the same wave length," he explained. "They feel free to talk to us and to share their concerns and hopes. They regard us as men who are at least sympathetic to their problems."

He illustrated this sympathy with the chaplains and the veterans they serve by a recent incident at the VA hospital in Leavenworth, Kansas.

"When we came on board there was a plan to demolish the small historic chapel there, which had been declared structurally unsafe. But the patients rebelled and came to us to save the chapel and as a result the order to condemn it was countermanded."

IN Washington Rhodes was instrumental in providing a place where those working at the Veterans Administration building could go for meditation and prayer. Until about two years ago the Prayer Group had no regular meeting place and used the VA staff room. A committee came to Rhodes and asked him to help them find a permanent place. After a brief search, Rhodes found a room in the basement that was being used as a storeroom by the Employees Association. He located other places where the material could be stored and then had the vacancy fitted out

as a meditation Room. It was opened November 12, 1970, and there is a bronze plaque given by Rhodes designating the purpose of the room. Over the door is a sticker saying, "Praise the Lord!"

"The Prayer Group meets here once a week, but people drop in frequently for prayer and meditation," he said. "It has been of tremendous help to many who sometimes find the tensions of their work pressing in. Here they can come for a little while and resolve things in their own minds before returning to their jobs. It has been a tremendous help."

Rhodes also observed that every staff meeting is opened with prayer. He pointed out that Johnson, a Roman Catholic, likes to have working breakfasts and lunches and that grace is always said at them.

"He always teases me about being a long-winded Baptist in my prayers," Rhodes laughed.

Whether he was long-winded in the sermon he delivered at a White House service March 19, the Washington-born Baptist did not say. Rhodes is one of three laymen invited by President Richard M. Nixon to conduct a White House service and to deliver the sermon.

SINCE his conversion during the 1952 Billy Graham Crusade, the Central High School graduate has been active in Baptist affairs. Baptized earlier in the old Temple Baptist Church, Rhodes helped found Briggs Baptist Church in 1952 and has served as a deacon, Sunday school teacher, and choir member.

But his concerns have transcended the local scene. He served six years as a representative of the D. C. Baptist Convention on the executive committee of the Southern Baptist Convention and was named to its program committee. This committee involves itself with the budget and the program of the more than eleven million member denomination.

"In this way I got a broader view of the work the Southern Baptist Convention is doing than I could have possibly received in any other way," he observed. "There is everything from the division of funds for seminary education to being on the committee drafting resolutions. One statement we submitted was that no one could be denied membership in a church because of race. It was passed."

Rhodes, who was elected vice-president of the Southern Baptist Convention at Denver in 1970, and was nominated for president this year, contends the greatest achievement of his denomination in the past decade has been in race relations.

"There was no fellowship with our black brethren before. Now there are great areas of achievement in this field."

Rhodes' religious heritage is impressive, going back to Zachariah Rhodes, a partner of Roger Williams in the founding of the first Baptist church in America in Providence, R. I., in 1636. Perhaps of even greater significance is the fact that he is a direct descendant of Williams. According to geneological sources, John Rhodes, the son of Zachariah, married Williams' granddaughter,

Waite Waterman. The direct line of descent from Roger Williams comes through that union.

A graduate of Colgate University in 1936, and the University of Maryland Law School in 1941, Rhodes' governmental career has seen ever-increasing responsibilities in federal positions. Following service on the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy from 1947-49, he subsequently acted as chief counsel of the Senate Armed Services Committee, minority counsel for a special Senate Committee on Unemployment Problems, general counsel of the Veterans Administration, minority counsel of the Senate Appropriations Committee, and secretary of the Senate Republican Policy Committee.

In 1969 he returned to the VA as Deputy Administrator, a position that enables him to minister to the needs of more than twenty-seven million veterans.

The demands of his job has forced Rhodes to curtail playing golf, "I dare not do so now because I am afraid they will get along without me," but it has not interfered with his reading the Bible.

"I try to set aside a little time for reading in the Bible every day. I am about to start my third time through the Scriptures by reading three chapters a day. In that way you can read the Bible in one year. I find that there are things I missed on the first reading that come through with deeper meaning to me on the second and third reading."

Rhodes is married and lives at 3101 North Peary Street, Arlington, Virginia. ■ ■

The Pied Piper of Sooty Alley

By Thomas W. Klewin

HE WAS a kind of Pied Piper — leading little children toward a better life and a more Christian world. But the people of his day laughed, jeered, and derided him — especially when he led his band of grubby, unkempt children through the streets of Gloucester, England.

“There goes Bobby Wild Goose and his Ragged Regiment,” was one of the taunts which followed him every Sunday on his trip through sooty Alley, a slum area of that industrialized English city.

But that’s how the present-day Sunday school was born. “Bobby Wild Goose” was Robert Raikes, a printer and newspaper editor by profession. By avocation, however, he

was a Christian educator and humanitarian. His goal was to reach the children of Gloucester and teach them cleanliness, morality, the Gospel, and, above all else, how to read and write.

Casualties of Industrialization

The children of Sooty Alley were the casualties of the industrialization of England in the late 1700’s. Greedy factory owners were exploiting little children by working them twelve to fourteen hours a day, six days a week. Children were expendable labor, cheaply paid and grossly overworked. Most lived in the filth and degradation generated by the slums which grew up around the

Chaplain Klewin is stationed with the 99th Combat Support Group, Westover AFB, Mass. 01022

factories. The pay scale was such that every member over six years of age worked so a family might survive. This meant no education, little opportunity for growth of any kind — physical, mental, or spiritual. The chief source of recreation in Sooty Alley came out of the bottle — at night and on Sundays when the factories were idle “in observance of the Lord’s Day.”

But while the mill owners went off to church in all their Sunday finery, the children of Sooty Alley ran wild through the streets — undisciplined, unsupervised, and uncared-for. These were the children who inspired the printer to begin a “Sunday school” to teach them how to live. If cleanliness was next to Godliness, these urchins were a long way from the Kingdom of God!

In reality they were. The church spent little time in Sooty Alley. No one really did — until Robert Raikes began his school which met every Sunday. He hired a Mrs. Brandon to assist him in rounding up the children, help keep order in the classroom, and aid in instructing the girls in how to take care of themselves.

Personal cleanliness was at the top of the list of teaching priorities. Girls were rewarded for cleanliness and good manners with a bonnet — the sign of respectability in the England of the late 1700’s. Honesty, clean language, and respect for the rights and property of others were a few of the goals Raikes attempted to reach among those unschooled children.

Behind all this was a concept the

printer felt very much a part of his own life — the body is a temple of God and as such should be treated with respect, care, and love. But no child could accept this until he learned how much God loved him. This is where the Gospel lessons fitted into the school curriculum.

Reading Ability Crucial

Ultimately, every child had to be able to read as the printer visualized his goals for his “Sunday school.” He couldn’t conceive of any human being’s going through life without a reading capability. For it was through reading that new vistas opened for those who searched for more in life than food and a place to sleep.

“How can they read the Bible, if they can’t read at all? And how can they learn to read if they work in a factory during those hours school is in session?” These were the insistent questions which impelled the Christian printer to become a Christian educator.

It wasn’t easy. The first years were difficult at best. Children had to be enticed into the school and convinced that giving up playing time on the only free day they possessed in a whole week would offer them something far more valuable, precious, and enjoyable.

Adults taunted Raikes as he marched through the slums of Gloucester. Factory owners resented his intrusion into the lives of those who provided a cheap source of labor for the mills and factories of England. Consequently, at the end of three years there were just five Sun-

day schools in the city with a total enrollment of some seventy-seven boys and eighty-eight girls.

At this rate Raikes' dream could never have a reality. But then in 1785 it happened! The schools mushroomed far beyond the dreams and expectations of the Christian editor. Children who discovered the wonders of reading were bringing in new students. They too wanted to learn how to read and write, how to explore the mysteries of other worlds beyond Sooty Alley. New schools opened in other cities of England until almost every major center had schools which met on Sunday to educate the children of illiterate parents.

Subversive of Good Order

It was during this phenomenal growth period that organized opposition began to form, primarily among the factory owners who saw the real danger in the schools — children who could read and discover a whole new world around them would no longer be content to work twelve hours a day, six days a week, enduring the drudgery for the few pennies offered in wages.

One factory owner wrote: "Raikes and his Sunday school are subversive of good order; that industry, peace, and tranquillity which constitute the happiness of society are endangered, and this project should be held in contempt and destroyed."

In spite of the continuing growth of the movement, Raikes felt discouragement, especially when his efforts to help the underprivileged children of the slums were castigated

as "weapons designed to destroy the orderliness and goodness of English society." It reached a point where he would write to a friend, "It seems as if I have discovered a new country where no other adventurer chooses to follow me."

That's when the leaders of the new religious movement in England, Methodism, came to Raikes' aid. The Wesleys were especially instrumental in offering moral and spiritual encouragement to this pioneer in Christian education. John Wesley once wrote Raikes: "Perhaps God may have a deeper and more meaningful work for you than these men are aware of. Who knows but what some of these schools may become great nurseries for Christians."

Quarter-million Enrolled

In 1811 when it seemed as if the tide had finally turned to flow with rather than against Raikes, he died. But he had lived long enough to see more than a quarter-million children enrolled in his Sunday schools, and to witness their spread to Scotland, Wales, and even America.

At the graveside service the children of Sooty Alley sang hymns "the Christian printer with a conscience and a heart of love" had taught them.

The churches soon grasped the Sunday school and made it their primary tool in reaching children. Since more of them could now read, the Sunday school became the agent which hopefully would channel that reading ability into areas where God would be confronted, and the good news of God's love for man would touch children who often knew so

little real love in their lives. And even today the Sunday school has remained the primary instrument of the church in educating everyone

from preschool through adult in the essentials of the greatest education of all — a knowledge of God's word and of God himself.

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Matt. 2:16; 18:2-7; Psalm 127; Proverbs 22:6.

1. It is often said that today the Sunday school has fallen upon hard times, that it is largely ineffective. Do you think that this is true? What has been your experience?
2. How does today's situation differ from that into which the Sunday school came?
3. How would you modify the Sunday school to enable it to compete with outside attractions? This, after all, is what Robert Raikes had to do — attract pupils with something better.
4. How does one discover people's real hungers so that one can feed them? How would you define a Christian "education"?



"Better cut that pizza into six pieces, Tony. I don't think I can eat eight."

Allah or the Lord?

By Helen Cracraft Siler

THIS PAST spring on a church-oriented trip to Turkey, a number of us were enriched by inadvertently sharing a truly ecumenical experience. It happened as a result of our being stranded in a bus on a slippery Turkish hillside, with the front right wheel of the bus in the ditch. We were tilted at a precarious angle and, in spite of the cold drizzle, scurried to struggle out into the open on the steep mountain road.

There were twenty-eight of us — a discouraged-looking group of American tourists. We were miles from civilization or help of any sort, except that which might come from the inhabitants of the primitive village we had just visited. It was up the hill, around the curve of the road and out of sight, and as yet not any of the three-or four-hundred villagers had appeared to witness our plight.

Just a short while before, it had been our privilege to be with these people when the Mohammedan call to prayer was sounded. We were even permitted to see inside their tiny mosque. It was intriguing to witness those men, dark and strange-appearing; those women, gaily-pantalooned and jacketed, simultaneously heed this call to prayer. To Allah. My thought was that in America it might be a good thing if we heeded calls to prayer. To the Lord. I looked about our group. One agitated lady had drawn aside, and apparently *was* praying for the Lord to deliver us from our predicament. That was good, I thought. A little help was needed, but it seemed to me that we should be doing something about it ourselves.

Some American tourists have a lesson in true ecumenicity

Our bus driver who spoke no English, paced up and down, muttering aloud as he kicked at the tires. It was, perhaps, just as well that we didn't understand what he said. From the frustration etched on his features, swarthy and stubborn, it was evident he had no idea of how he was to get his bus back on the road. He had tried desperately to go forward, but the partially imbedded wheel just dug deeper into the mud.

So what were we going to do now? We trudged back and forth, shivering, trying to think.

All around us on the hillside were rocks. Rocks of all shapes and sizes. Why couldn't we carry flat rocks to place around that wheel, and thus better the traction? I recalled seeing someone get his car out of the mud, once, by doing that. I mentioned this plan to a young man who was peering into the ditch, a disconsolate look on his face. "We could try it," he replied, but the tone of his voice left doubt that he thought it would work. However, he got busy.

Word of this undertaking spread among the group, and lightened peoples' spirits, like a ray of sunshine breaking through the clouds on a gloomy day. Here was something we could do, and soon everyone was in the act. Everyone, except the lady who was praying. We carried rocks for the men to place around the wheel; we carried rocks to cover up the mud; we carried rocks just for the fun of it and to try to keep warm. Soon we were not only wet from the rain, but exhausted and dirty in the bargain.

By now, many of the village children had trickled down the mountain to see what was going on, and had run home to alert their parents who came to watch. Shadows fell over the hillside as farm workers, both men and women, back-burdened, returned from their labor in the fields below. Curious glances were cast at us, as they noted what we were doing. They were all as tense as we, as the driver climbed back into the bus, revved his motor, and prepared to see if our ruse had worked. Carefully he tried to ease the wheel over those rocks, while the men of our group lined up at the sides and rear of the bus, and pushed. Forward. But nothing happened. The wheel still spun about in the mud. All that work — and it hadn't done a bit of good!

ONLY WAY to get this bus rolling again is to pull it out backwards with a stout cable," announced our General Motors man, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"Sure. But where is the truck and the cable?"

"It isn't up there in that village, and we're miles from the main road."

Our gaze turned longingly down the hill and across the fertile

farming country. Among the fields and orchards, lush and green, we could see a thread of a country road, with an occasional dot of a vehicle. We shielded our gaze, as the sun came from behind a cloud and illumined the spot we were looking at. Arching the fields, suddenly appeared a rainbow. And what was that? A small truck way off there? Had the driver stopped, and was he looking in our direction? From this distance it was hard to tell.

A whistle, piercingly shrill, sliced the air and jarred me from my gazing. It had evidently come from our bus driver who had seen the truck. There was a sudden swoosh past me as a young Turkish boy of about ten or twelve years, dashed down the hill, leaping from rock to rock with all the agility of a mountain goat. In less time than it takes to tell it he had sprinted across the fields towards the truck. Soon he was there. One more dot in the distance.

And now came another period of waiting, and walking around to keep up our circulation. We noticed that the lady who was praying, had rejoined the group, and was waiting with us to see what would happen. Perhaps she felt that her prayers were being answered. There was the rainbow — a good sign. Perhaps the villagers felt that way, too. Prayers to whom? Allah or the Lord?

We had learned to be patient with long Turkish arguments, but it was maddening not to know what was developing out there on the road. Another small truck had stopped, and the drivers seemed to be talking together. Finally the first truck left, and the second slowly made its way around the road and up the hill in our direction. We relaxed. In the front seat with the driver, sat the Turkish lad, a self-conscious, but confident grin on his face.

Dare we, too, be hopeful?

As the truck drew near and we noted how small it looked in comparison with the bus, our spirits sagged, but we all skittered aside to let it pass and take its place on the hill. The driver alighted. We all gasped as he pulled out a cable — a very small cable — and nonchalantly attached it to the rear of the bus.

"Can't pull us out with that little thing!" sputtered our tour leader.

"He can try," remarked the lady who had been praying.

"You'll have to get in front of the bus and push backwards this time," I said to the man next to me.

"So we will."

The men took their places. Prepared to push. In reverse.

Just then something astonishing happened. The bus driver took his seat. The truck driver started his vehicle. The men pushed, and all the people on that hillside held their breath.

The bus moved a bit!

The cable held!

The men pushed harder and, as the bus achieved its place on the road, we all let out a triumphant shout. I grabbed the hands of the boy who had run across the fields, and together we danced a jig on the road.

SAFELY BACK in the bus, on our way to a warm hotel room in the city and some much-needed food, I attempted to relive that experience. I envisioned the Mohammedans entreating Allah to hear them. I remembered the Christian woman praying to the Lord. Which one had helped us? Allah or the Lord? Did it really matter? Weren't they one and the same, merely approached differently?

There was one thing certain, though: whatever the name, this Supreme Being needed help from the rest of us. From the small boy who could run fast, the bus driver, the truck driver with his cable, the men who pushed, and all the people who were concerned and trying to help us. That takes in everyone on the hillside that day.

It takes everyone in the world, of different religions — working together — to get the bus of life back on the road. ■ ■



Come, Blow Your Own Horn

By Elizabeth Baroody

I PAINT like le bon Dieu!" agreed the boisterous, black-bearded artist, Gustave Courbet, on receiving praise from an admirer on the realism in his work.

What a statement of supreme arrogance this was, "I paint like God!" And yet, who is to say that if God were to paint a picture of His World, it would *not* be like the paintings of Gustave Courbet? The beautiful works created by this hard-driving Bohemian mirrored the landscape of the French countryside around him in exquisite, realistic detail. The forests near his native Ornans were his inspiration. The trees of Courbet's canvas seemed to sigh in the wind; a young fawn lifts his ears to listen

as he pauses at the edge of a fresh pool to drink. Surely the painstaking diligence employed to faithfully portray nature as created by God, and the success of his pursuit was made possible by talent endowed by a Divine hand. Still — one feels that for one to compare himself to God must be the pinnacle of conceit. But we are made in his image, and as children of God, shouldn't we expect to have special powers?

Take a look at the successful people around you. They are the ones who have developed personal talents, or scientific theories, artistic talents, business acumen, and told the world about it. They have used their personalities to promote their abilities,

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and in so doing have indicated a self-confidence, or faith in themselves that is often hidden in those of equal talent but of a shy and humbler demeanor.

Show What You Can Do

Beneath the unassuming exterior of most of us, there is a little impatient ego waiting to get out. Why not stimulate the confidence it takes to bring that ego out of hiding and show the whole world what *you* have to offer to mankind? Sometimes it takes a little arrogance, a pat on your own back, to bring your special talent to the attention of others. Try a little of Courbet's conceit!

In the 15th century another artist, known to all the people of his generation and all to follow, Leonardo Da Vinci, once found himself in need of employment. He decided to compose his own letter of recommendation to a likely employer, and it must certainly be unique among employee applications, for none since could possibly equal his qualifications.

From the time of his earliest boyhood, Leonardo excelled in almost everything he attempted, no matter how diverse the range of his attempts. He was gifted in math, and the sciences, also in art and sculpture . . . and, moreover, he was aware of the extent of his multi-talents. Others never really seemed to be awed by his genius in their midst, and he lived the first part of his life for the most part unsung, but laying the foundation for those later years that produced his best work. He reached his thirtieth year with

comparatively little recognition. He felt he was wasting his time in Florence, so when a possible opportunity to go to Milan and enter the service of the Duke of Milan presented itself, the famous letter of recommendation was written.

By the standards of ordinary man, this incredible document would sound like the bragging of an egomaniac, but with the capabilities of Da Vinci, it was almost an understatement. He outlined the things he could do in some detail that would be of service to the Duke in time of either war or peace, such as the construction of ditches for irrigation, the production of bombs and missiles, designing of tunnels (even under rivers), the construction of "covered wagons" to be used in war (much on the order of tanks). In addition, he described guns and mortars, powders or vapors (possibly a nerve gas of his own invention), and then he elaborated on what he could be expected to do in time of peace to make himself useful to the Duke. In his own words: "I can execute works in sculpture, marble, bronze or terracotta. In paintings also I can do what may be done, *as well as any other, whosoever he may be*. If any of the above things shall seem to any man impossible or impracticable, I am perfectly willing to make trial of them in whatever place you shall be pleased to command, commending myself to you *with all possible humility*."

Needless to say, in the face of such confidence and artistic scope, the Duke of Milan lost no time in securing this person in his employ.

Leonardo must have lived up to his own amazing claims for not only was he employed at once, he stayed with the Duke for sixteen years. He was given a house and a small vineyard in addition to his salary, which gave him that measure of security unknown to most artists.

Drawing upon the talents described in the letter, he constructed canals and locks, drained marshes, invented the machine gun as well as a breech-loading cannon. In line with the more artistic side of his nature, he produced sculptures and paintings for the Duke, including a twenty-six foot high model of a horse, to be ultimately cast in bronze as a memorial to the Duke's father. This was never done due to financial problems. However, another memorial, to the Duke's deceased wife was completed. It took three years, was painted on the wall of Saint Mary of

the Graces, and became a masterpiece the world will never forget, THE LAST SUPPER. If Leonardo had been hesitant to sing his own praises in that letter to the Duke of Milan, he would have never had the opportunity to paint this inspiring work.

What prompted these two artists, and so many more successful people from every walk of life, to suddenly shout, "Look at me, I can do something wonderful!" Was it a realization that in their hands was God's power to create some special thing for the world to enjoy, then, and for centuries to come? The Bible tells us . . . "do not hide your light under a bushel. . . ." Let it shine! Tell the universe! In us all is a special something that makes us what we are as individuals. Enhance that specialty, develop it, and share it with others. Come, blow your own horn!

Discussion Helps

Biblical Material: Matt. 5:13-16; 25:34-40.

1. One man says, "Put your best foot forward!" Another exclaims, "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!" (Lk. 18:13) What is there to be said for each?
2. The author claims that our being made "in the Image of God" is a great reason for having self-confidence. Do you agree?

Students need to learn far more than the basic skills. . . . To be practical, an education should prepare a man for work that doesn't yet exist and whose nature cannot even be imagined. This can be done only by teaching people how to learn, by giving them the kind of intellectual discipline that will enable them to apply man's accumulated wisdom to new problems as they arise, the kind of wisdom that will enable them to *recognize* new problems as they arise. — Charles E. Silberman, *Crisis in the Classroom*

The Artist Sportsman

FREDERICK REMINGTON was born in 1861, and died in 1909, being just forty-eight years old when he passed away. In those few years he managed to crowd in enough excitement, adventure, and accomplishments to fill several lifetimes. Although born in Canton, N.Y., he is linked with the West by his dramatic painting of its life.

As a youngster, Fred showed a great talent for drawing; his well-to-do-parents saw this and enrolled him at the Yale School of Fine Arts. At Yale his skill was sharpened; he also had a career in sports. In boxing, he took on some of the best and won the intercollegiate heavy-weight championship. He loved football and was good enough to make the 1879 squad, captained by Walter Camp, who later became famous by picking the official selections for the football All-American teams.

AFTER several years at Yale, Fred headed west hoping to capture the wild, unspoiled part of this exciting land before the doors of civilization shut it off for good. He became a cowboy, learning to ride and shoot; he rode the trails, trapped and even witnessed the shoot-outs so common in this part of the country where law and order were as yet barely concepts. He even managed to ride and live with the U.S. cavalry, chasing and fighting renegade Indians. Fred put what he witnessed on paper and canvas. The people throughout the world eagerly awaited his newest rendering of this land of adventure and excitement. His fame was assured.

After he had recorded the "Wild West" permanently on canvas, he was assigned to cover the Spanish-American War as artist-correspondent. Besides his artistic and journalistic coverage, his painting of Teddy Roosevelt leading his Rough Riders up San Juan Hill also became famous.

His love for sports never dimmed. He was called back to Yale to capture some of old Eli's sports on paper and canvas. These dramatic action drawings are still hailed as masterpieces. Americans are fortunate indeed to have had so great an artist record the primitive life of their great country's West. Photography was in its infancy, and even today could not capture scenes as can a superlative artist.

In his short lifetime, he turned out 2,000 sketches and paintings and 25 bronzes. The world owes much to Fred Remington, artist, sportsman and, truly, a great American!

—Mario De Marco

The Strongest Wind

By Irma Hegel

A fragile butterfly fulfills its destiny

SHE KNEW she should not have come to the Cape this late in the season. The summer vacationers had left, their cottages were boarded up for the winter and the shuttered windows resembled closed eyes. The beach, like mixed corn meal and salt as far as she could see stretched lonely and deserted. Only a few migratory ducks skimmed along the sandbars. Gulls had flown up from the salt marsh adding their mewing cries to the melancholy of gray sky meeting gray sea.

The memory of the open fireplace in the lodge and her father reading Thoreau's *Cape Cod* when she was a child came back to her. *The strongest wind cannot stagger a spirit.* Strange that she would remember that sentence now. The soft lips twisted wryly in the chiseled face. The short

walk from the inn to the cove had made her stagger now that exhaustion was a part of her life. This must be your final concert, Audrey Lane.

She thought of that last appointment in Dr. Grennan's office with the dark eyes of the hematologist regarding her soberly from under his white thatch of hair. "You cannot be drained again of what small strength you have left," he'd said. He should have been more honest and told her that she was dying. She knew it. Fitz, her manager, knew it. A few more months of life — maybe a year at the longest. She had read statistics on leukemia. Now she was one of those statistics.

"Lovely lady, so sad."

The gentle voice startled her. She glanced up at the towering form beside her. He looked like a boy in



spite of his height. The left sleeve of his jacket hung empty; the arm was cut off at the shoulder. His blue eyes were sunken in a face over which the skin stretched tautly, giving a pinched look to his long nose and lantern jaw. His red hair waved like fluffy silk in the salt breeze.

"I've followed you from the inn several times," he said. "You come to this same cove every day, and yet you never see it."

"See what?" she demanded curiously.

He took her arm with his hand and led her to a shadbush on the bank. Among the orange and yellow leaves, Audrey saw an opaque pendant made of jade trembling on a branch. It had a ring of bright gold and tiny dots at its base.

"The chrysalis of a monarch butterfly," her strange companion explained. "I've been watching the metamorphosis since the day the green-striped caterpillar formed a pupa."

"Are you an entomologist?" Audrey asked.

"No, just a patient at the Veterans' Hospital on the hill — ex-accountant, ex-organist, ex-soldier."

"And the hospital lets you out to walk?"

"Such privileges are denied only to mental patients. I'm not a mental patient."

"Sorry," Audrey said quickly. "It's just that hospitals are so strict nowadays." She looked at the jade chrysalis. "It's exquisite. When will it break?"

"Any minute now. It's darkened considerably since yesterday."

He drew in a deep breath, and she realized that the walk to the cove must have been as wearying for him as it had been for her. In the absorption of her own illness, she had forgotten the pain that others were enduring. A sudden kinship with people in pain everywhere swept over her.

"I used to see the migrating monarch in California," he said. "The butterflies would completely cover a tree like bright flowers. I guess the beautiful things in life are the things we always carry with us — like your music."

"You know who I am?" She glanced at him with a startled look.

"I have all of your records, Miss Lane — Symphony No. 5 by Dvorak, Concerto No. 1 by Tchaikovsky, your Chopin album, and Beethoven. I have earphones attached to my record player at the hospital. My name is Tony. Once I played the organ at Saint Mary's. I was going to cut a record, too. But I never did."

She wanted to say something encouraging. But she couldn't. There was that finality in his voice, that expression of resignation on his drawn face.

THE EBB TIDE had almost reached the low point. The gulls were dipping, crying out in shivery tones. Minnows ran through the eelgrass off the beach making clicking sounds like skeleton fingers snapping.

Audrey shivered and drew her collar higher about her thin neck. In forced gaiety she asked, "What happens to the monarch when he breaks from his chrysalis? Does he live hap-

A strong spirit can survive staggering experiences

pily ever after?" Immediately she regretted her foolish question.

His young mouth tensed. "The monarch will migrate south. That's a long chance. I've seen dead monarchs by the dozens with their wings broken from the rain and the wind, often scattered along a whole stretch of grass or sand."

"Oh, don't go on," she cried. "Surely, there are those who survive."

"Always there are those who survive. But they must migrate north again through all the dangers of the spring storms. They end the journey to mate, to breed, to die."

"How utterly futile!"

"Why? They've known the velvet night and the pink-fingered dawn. They've swung on a flower and soared on their wings. Beauty lived — beauty given. I've told you that I played the organ at Saint Mary's — a magnificent instrument. Maybe not one of the worshipers remember Tony Kinos, who played Bach and Handel, the *Cantata Dominos*, the *Magnificat*, *Nunc Dimittis*, and *Benedic, anima mea*. I played. I was the highly privileged. Once I helped to fight a war — cruel, senseless — but even war can't kill the appreciation of the beautiful inside a soul."

Tears brimmed in Audrey's eyes. "Dear Tony," she whispered.

"Look — look at the shadbush!" he exclaimed.

She saw the green jade chrysalis quivering, the opaque covering breaking as if it had been previously fractured. She caught her breath. The monarch, shining, moist wings folded, was emerging. Its tiny claws gripped the branch while the magnificent orange and black wings unfurled. Audrey felt she was seeing the life-giving blood pump rhythmically into those wings. It was like watching a miracle, so brief, so beautiful, so complete in every detail. Only when the monarch fluttered to another bush did she let out her breath in a prolonged sigh of reverence. Her fingers reached for Tony's right hand. Together they stood watching until the butterfly had flown from their sight.

"I know the answer now," said Audrey. She looked with luminous dark eyes at the tall ex-soldier beside her. "My father used to read to us from Thoreau. *The strongest wind cannot stagger a spirit*. I pray the monarch has such a spirit."

"He has," Tony replied. "We all have. But you're shivering. Let's walk."

Together they climbed the high bank to the road. Their faces were upraised to meet the wind. The tide was rolling in now and it had already covered a distant sandbar. But they did not look back.



Labor in this country is independent and proud. It has not to ask the patronage of capital, but capital solicits the aid of labor — Daniel Webster, in a speech on April 2, 1824.

The Russian Admiral

WHAT Russian admiral was “dug up” in Paris and reburied at Annapolis? You will think that I am joking when I say John Paul Jones, but facts are facts, and the United States naval hero, John Paul Jones, was also a Russian admiral.

The son of a Scotch gardener, he began his career as third mate on a slave ship. At twenty-two he became captain of a West Indies merchantman. In 1773, while at the island of Tobago, Jones killed the leader of a mutinous crew. Rather than wait in prison for a trial, he fled the island. The English then considered him a pirate and a fugitive from justice. To hide his identity he added the surname “Jones” to his original name.

He was an out-of-work sea captain when the new American Navy commissioned him a lieutenant in 1775. No English-lover was Jones. Promoted to captain in 1776, he cruised the West Indies, Nova Scotia, and the coast of Great Britain, capturing and destroying many British vessels. He lambasted English shipping for two years, was promoted to commodore, and given command of a fleet of French and American warships.

HIS FIGHT with the *Serapis* was his most famous sea battle. Louis XVI of France, our ally, had put him in command of the *Bonhomme Richard* and a squadron of French ships under jealous and near-mutinous French captains. In the *Serapis* fight, the *Richard's* guns blew up at the first broadside. Then the *Serapis* drifted close enough for Jones to lash the two ships together. With the *Richard* on fire, Jones shouted his famous “I have not yet begun to fight!” defiance to a demand for surrender. Finally, it was the *Serapis* which gave up, even though the *Richard* sank — helped by two broadsides fired into her by one of the jealous French captains.

After the war we gave Jones a medal, but Russia hired him as a rear admiral in its Black Sea fleet, where he served from 1788 to 1790. He took a leading part in several engagements against the Turks. Even then the Russians were difficult, and he quit to live in Paris, where he died and was buried. Then, 113 years later, in 1905, the forgotten and once lost body of the former Russian admiral and American commodore was returned to the United States for burial with high honors at Annapolis where he now lies in a handsome marble vault beneath the United States Naval Academy chapel.

—Otto Leppert

Why General Grant Never Swore

GENERAL Ulysses S. Grant was known for his quiet, reflective personality. His calm composure, even under the most trying of battlefield conditions, amazed his associates, as did his aversion to the use of profanity and to the inhumane treatment of animals.

The nearest Grant came to losing his temper in the presence of his close associate, General Horace Porter, was once during the Wilderness campaign when the general's party happened upon a Union teamster, utterly beside himself with fury, and trying vainly to make a team of horses pull an Army wagon out of a mudhole.

The agitated teamster was flogging and reviling the horses in most abusive terms when Grant rode up. Leaping from the saddle of his horse, "Egypt," and clenching his fists as he ran, Grant charged the offending soldier and shouted: "What does this conduct mean, you scoundrel? Stop abusing those horses!"

The enraged teamster calmed down when he saw that the general meant business, but not before taking another swing at the reluctant horses. Grant ordered the man seized and disciplined on the spot. But the incident continued to rankle the mind of the general, who mentioned it in derisive terms several times to Porter during the heated battle which followed.

"This was the one exhibition of temper manifested by Grant during the entire campaign," General Porter wrote in his memoirs, "and the only one I ever witnessed during my many years of service with him."

Later, while sitting quietly around the campfire one night, Porter asked the leader of Union armies how it happened that, through all the rough and tumble of army service and frontier life, he had never been provoked into swearing, uttering an objectionable oath, or using an imprecation.

"Well," replied Grant thoughtfully, "somehow or other, I never learned to swear. When a mere boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger, and when a man flies into a passion his adversary who keeps cool always get the better of him.

"In fact, I could never see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with most people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit. But, it is a great waste of time."

—Lloyd J. Linford

Stumpy John Silver

By Harold Helfer

ONE OF the most honored names in the United States military service is John Silver. On each Organization Day of the 11th Signal Company his name is called, and a senior noncommissioned officer always answers, "Died of wounds received in battle."

Like other American flyers in France during 1918, John Silver was a bit cocky, but you'd have to say he wore his plumage well. John Silver was a pigeon who was actually hatched in a World War I trench . . . on a cold day in January, 1918. By the time he was a few months old, though, he was already warming the hearts of the dough-boys with his plucky ways. By then, he was already a veteran of many message-carrying missions over the front lines and his ability at barrage-dodging became legendary.

On October 21, 1918, at 2:35 P.M., John Silver was sent up from a dugout at Grand Pre. The Meuse-Argonne offensive was just starting and an important message had to be delivered at Rampont, twenty-five miles away. The Germans, meanwhile, were laying down a furious bombardment.

Upon being released, John Silver circled for a moment, then headed for Rampont. While the American troops watched anxiously, he went straight into the devastating gunfire.

Then it happened. A shell exploded near him. Concussion hurled him upward and shrapnel tore into his tiny body. For a sickening moment he lunged toward the ground . . . then recovered himself and, incredibly, continued his flight.

Some twenty-five minutes later, averaging a mile a minute, the pigeon, though a horrible sight, reached his destination. A machine gun bullet had pierced his breast and bits of shrapnel riddled his body. His right leg was missing. But he had delivered the message. The message tube was hanging by the ligaments of his torn leg.

WEEKS OF loving care restored "Stumpy John Silver," as he was often called thereafter, to health, though he was never able to assume battlefield duties again. He was assigned to the U. S. Signal Corps, Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, so he could spend his remaining



Stumpy John Silver may be seen at the Air Force Museum, Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio.

life in the mild climate of Hawaii. There he died on December 6, 1935, at the quite ripe old age of seventeen years and eleven months — there was a general feeling that the doughty old bird would have lived even longer if it hadn't been for his traumatic battlefield experience.

Stumpy John Silver, who remained chipper even when he had to hobble about on only one good leg, has come down as an authentic World War I hero. Not only is he still remembered at roll call time, but he continues to be much more than simply an ethereal spirit. His body was mounted and is on permanent display now at the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio.

There he has become a symbol of heroic and faithful service — in fact, he looks as if, if he had to, he could take off on still one more mission!



SP/5 Gary Rudin (right), Chaplain's Division, U.S. Forces Support District, Norddeutschland, and Chaplain (MAJ) Leroy James display a Scroll of Appreciation which Rudin received for his outstanding performance of duty.



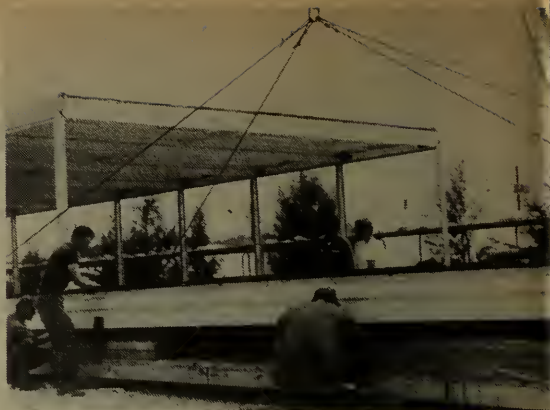
LCDR Bill Olson (right) spreads the good news to Iwakuni servicemen. Every Saturday night the Navy chaplain leads a band of young evangelists into the streets of Iwakuni, Japan, to invite people to learn of Christ.

News in Pictures

Seabee Park, Naval Construction Battalion Center at Port Hueneme, Calif., was the site of an Easter sunrise service. (RIGHT) ABOVE: Dr. James Kallas, guest speaker, behind the lovely cross of lilies. BELOW: Worship-in-the Round at Seabee Park for many Easter worshippers.



Here the men of the 554th Civil Engineering Squadron are dismantling a modular chapel at Cam Ranh Bay AB, Vietnam, which will be shipped to Torrejon AB, Spain.



Dr. J. Garfield Owens (left) of San Antonio, Tex., discusses Black history with MG Kenneth D. Orr, Commanding General of Brooke Army Medical Center. Shown listening, L-R, are SP/5 Nathaniel Luckey, SP/4 Philippe Daughtry, SP/4 Don Meeks and SP/5 Kenneth Lee.



After service Dr. Owens greets SP/4 Vorlander and other worshippers at Brooke Army Medical Center Chapel, Fort Sam Houston, Tex. Dr. Owens is superintendent of the San Antonio District, Southwest Texas Conference, United Methodist Church.



Chaplain, LTC, Dale Stewart, senior chaplain at Tinker AFB, Okla., hosts the three Chiefs of Chaplains, L-R: MG Roy M. Terry, U.S. Air Force; RADM Francis L. Garrett, U.S. Navy; MG Gerhardt W. Hyatt, U.S. Army.

Billy Graham with his wife, Ruth, and mother, Morrow, shown at the Charlotte Coliseum during a 5-day anniversary crusade. Only 25 years ago Billy held his first crusade in his hometown of Charlotte.



The Link Calendar

- Sept. 1-
Dec. 31** Boy Scouts of America Fall Roundup, "Major membership campaign to make Scouting available to more boys."
- Sept. 1-30** American Youth Month.
- Sept. 1-12** U. S. Lawn Tennis Championships, Forest Hills, N.Y.
- Sept. 3** 15th Sunday after Pentecost.
- Sept. 4** LABOR DAY, a National Holiday.
Mackinac Bridge Walk, "the only day of the year pedestrians are permitted to cross the 5-mile span" in Northern Mich.
- Sept. 5** 198th Anniversary of the First Continental Congress Assembly, meeting in Philadelphia in 1774.
- Sept. 7-17** Utah State Fair, Salt Lake City.
- Sept. 9** Rosh Hashanah, Jewish New Year. The Hebrew date is Tishri 1, 5733.
- Sept. 10** 16th Sunday after Pentecost.
Grand-Dad's Day "to honor Grand-Dad, the head of the family."
- Sept. 10-15** International Bar Association Convention, Monte Carlo.
- Sept. 10-16** National Hispanic Heritage Week.
- Sept. 12** Defenders Day, Annual re-enactment of bombardment of Ft. McHenry in 1814.
- Sept. 15** Battle of Britain Day — the end of the biggest German daylight bombing raid.
- Sept. 16-24** Eastern States Exposition, Springfield, Mass.
- Sept. 16-** Oktoberfest, Munich, Germany.
- Oct. 7**
- Sept. 17** 17th Sunday after Pentecost. Citizenship Day; World Peace Day.
- Sept. 17-23** Constitution Week, by Presidential proclamation.
- Sept. 18** Yom Kippur, Day of Atonement. Most solemn Hebrew day of repentance, confession, and asking pardon.
- Sept. 22** Autumn begins. Autumnal equinox at 5:33 P.M., E.S.T.
- Sept. 23** Sukkot or Feast of Tabernacles, first day. A Jewish holy day.
- Sept. 24** 18th Sunday after Pentecost. Gold Star Mother's Day. Press Sunday. Tribute to the first daily (Sept. 21, 1784).
- Sept. 24-30** National Dog Week. "To pay tribute to the dog as a companion."
- Sept. 28** Confucius' Birthday.
- Sept. 29** Michaelmas, the feast of St. Michael and All Angels in Anglican, Roman Catholic, and Greek Churches.

Worth Repeating

The worst boss anyone can have is a bad habit.

The main problem with teen-agers is that they're just like their parents were at that age.

Be blunt, and you won't be considered dull.

In too many instances, the politician's bumper sticker lasts longer than his promises.

Experience does all of her teaching backwards: she gives a test before explaining the lesson.

Trial marriages are nothing new. They are all a trial now and then.

He was a perfect pessimist; a real no-it-all.

. . . Method is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one. — Cecil.

Every man should have some wealth to leave behind him if he wants to have at least a few people sincerely interested in the state of his health.

You're an old-timer if you can remember when what you got for nothing didn't cost you so much.

Anyone who has tried to wrap garbage or swat flies with a television set, will appreciate his newspaper all the more.

To many, the ideal occupation is the one that doesn't keep them occupied.

A fellow who is always declaring he's no fool usually has his suspicions.

Books Are Friendly Things

Love and Marriage and Trading Stamps. On the Care and Feeding of Marriage by L. Richard Lessor, 1971; Published by Argus Communications, Chicago, Ill. 60657. 128 pages, \$1.75, paper.

In an artfully designed book intended for couples, Mr. Lessor discusses "search, boundaries, rules, goals, and resources." And, as he promises, it is "a lot more fun than that sounds." Mr. Lessor believes that "man is a playful animal" which "thrives on exploration, particularly when his mate is along to share the exploration. Man at his core is creative, responsive, spontaneous, and playful." The author takes a fun approach to the profundities of relationship and keeps it relaxed all the way. He is a consulting group therapist for five Chicago suburban family service centers. You'll enjoy and profit from these "Trading Stamps!"

Colloquial Japanese, with Important Construction and Grammar Notes by Noboru Inamoto, 1972; Published by the Charles E. Tuttle Co., Rutland, Vt., 05701. 436 pages, \$12.50 cloth.

Newest of the publisher's "Books to span the East and West," this is intended for the beginning student of Japanese in formal classroom work with a teacher. Professor Inamoto is Assistant Professor in Asian Studies at the University of Southern California. He began teaching Japanese as an instructor with the U.S. Army in 1941.

Appearing on the same date also is another Tuttle book, **I Am a Cat** by Soseki Natsume, translated by Aiko Ito and Graeme Wilson; 218 pages, \$5.00, cloth. "A nameless cat's observations on upper middle class Japanese society of the Meiji era." This is an excellent English translation of a work which, since its first appearance in 1905, has become "one of the best-known works of modern Japanese literature."

God Help Me—I'm a Parent! by Gordon McLean, 1972; Published by Creation House, Carol Stream, Illinois 60187; 109 pages, \$3.95, cloth.

This book by an ordained clergyman who is director of campus life in the Santa Clara Valley of California will be helpful to many troubled parents. The author is associated with the national program of Drug Abuse Information Service, Inc. and has had extensive Juvenile Court chaplaincy experience.

—E.I.S.

Prayers

GUIDE US, O Lord, amidst the trials and conflicts of our social life, and fill our centers of industry with thy presence; that daily work may become to us a high vocation, and that all may learn the dignity of labor and make it a freewill offering to thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O GOD, Thou Lord of the vineyard, who wouldest not that any should stand idle in the marketplace: hear our prayer for all who are without employment or assurance of livelihood; and in the largeness of thy loving wisdom, declare unto us thy counsels to help and heal all our distresses; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

ALMIGHTY FATHER, from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named: we entreat thy mercy for the families of this and every land, for man and wife and child, and for all who have the care of children; that by thy hallowing our homes may be blessed and our children may grow up in the knowledge of thee and of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord.

O EVER-BLESSED Jesus, very God and very Man, who thyself was a child, and didst submit thyself to the charge and care of earthly teachers: bless, we beseech thee, the children of this land who are taught in our schools. Grant that as they grow in years they may grow in knowledge of thyself; let them learn to love and serve thee truly, and daily order their lives according to thy will.

O GOD, our Father, we remember before thee all orphaned, homeless, and unwanted children, the children of loveless homes, and those who suffer from bodily defect and disease. Make our hearts burn within us for the children of our dark places, and teach us how to turn to good account the laws that protect them and the efforts of those who strive to succour them; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O GOD, who dost turn the hearts of the fathers unto the children, and hast granted unto youth to see visions and to age to dream dreams: we beseech thee to draw together the old and the young, that in fellowship with thee they may understand and help one another, and in thy service find their perfect freedom; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

At Ease!

A joke Stern's correspondent in Moscow overheard:

A woman waits in line for a pair of socks for over three hours in Moscow's GUM dep't. store. Finally she explodes; "I've had it! I'm going straight to Comrade Brezhnev and smack him one!"

Sometime later she reappears to claim her place in line.

"What happened?" asks someone in the crowd. "Comrade," she sighs, "That line was even longer."—Atlas

Explorer: "Does your tribe know anything about religion?"

Native: "Well, we had a taste of it when the last missionary was here."

Veterinarian: It will ruin this dog's looks if I cut off his tail. Why do you insist?

Husband: My mother-in-law will be visiting us soon and I want to eliminate any possible sign of welcome.—Ohio Grange.

The Scot was heatedly contesting the amount of his fare with the train conductor. At the end of his patience, the conductor snatched up the Scot's suitcase and tossed it off just as the train was crossing a bridge. The suitcase landed with a splash.

"Hoot, mon," screamed MacTavish, "First you try to rob me and now you have drowned my boy."

Jane had been naughty and had been sent into the den to think things over. After a while she came out all smiles and said:

"I thought and I prayed."

"Fine," said her mother, "that will help you to be good."

"Oh, I didn't ask God to help me to be good," said the child. "I just told him to help you to put up with me."

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 6-11, U.S. Department of Interior; pages 31, 33, 57, U.S. Air Force; page 35, Veterans Administration; page 58, U.S. Army, U.S. Marine Corps; page 59, U.S. Navy; page 60, U.S. Army, U.S. Air Force; page 61, U.S. Air Force, Billy Graham Crusade.



"Need a chaplain?"



LOVE

I love you because you
Are helping me to make
Of the lumber of my life
Not a tavern
But a temple;
Out of the works
Of my every day
Not a reproach
But a song. . . .

Author unknown



